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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

Untidy.

I've lost my doll's leg—I'm so worried!
My very best doll—Clara Jane!
I must hunt through my doll's house to find it—
It's rather untidy again!

I wonder what makes it so messy;
I tidied it only last week,
Why is it so easy to lose things?
Why is it so tiring to seek?

Here's my other doll, Susan, in pieces,
And hanging head downwards, I see,
Now who put her there, I just wonder?
I'm certain it couldn't be me!

Who upset the bedstead and table?
Who took my lamb out of the fold;
Squeezed the music all out of my trumpet
And made my new picture book old?

My train—why, it's gone altogether!
My engine is smashed on the floor;
There's *someone* untidies my doll's house—
It's really a terrible bore.

How can Clara Jane go out walking
Without her left leg and its shoe?
I know it was loose, but who took it?
Oh, Bouncer, you wretch, it was you!

I laugh, but I'm dreadfully angry—
You do look so funny, you see,
With Clara Jane's leg in your mouth, sir,
Pretending you found it for me.

I'm afraid you're a bit of a humbug—
If I am untidy, you're worse—
You rummage all over my doll's house—
I shall run off at once and tell nurse.

RAILROAD MEN TELL GHOST STORIES.

There is nothing like a snow blockade to start railroad men talking. They generally begin with telling stories about former storms and then switch off and relate tales of every conceivable description, the limit only being reached when the imagination is exhausted.

Of course with this class of men experiences of the most varied and vivid character are continually occurring, and it is not always that a railroader when once persuaded to talk will stray outside the boundaries of truth. They seldom need to do it, as personal history will suffice.

The recent great blizzard drove a band of these hardy fellows into the railroad oilhouse down in Virginia avenue, and immediately a session of "The Rail and the Club" was inaugurated. Everything movable outside was tied up with snow and ice, and the cutting wind almost made the big locomotive in front of the door congratulate itself that it possessed a warm interior.

An old engineer who had served his apprenticeship on southern roads said: "I was running an engine on the Nashville & Chattanooga road at the time and we left the latter city at 1 o'clock in the morning a little late. It was an awful night, the rain fell in torrents, while the wind moaned and whistled through the pines along the road. When we passed around the point of Lookout Mountain and I saw the great overhanging rock and heard the oak trees snap as the boughs crashed into each other I felt more lonely than ever I did before or since.

"If you were acquainted down in that region you would know that there are a good many small mountain streams crossing that road, and just on the other side of Christy's Station is a long trestle over a hundred feet high. I always felt glad when we got over it, and that night I was so nervous that I could hardly hold the lever. Not a great distance beyond this dangerous trestle is a smaller one, under which a mountain stream runs.

"Before we reached this trestle I became perfectly dumb, paralyzed with fear. I reversed the engine and stopped it. It was an unconscious act; and why I did it I will never know. The conductor came running through the train with his lantern.

"Hello, George, what's the trouble?" he asked.

"Darned if I know," I shouted back. "I couldn't help it and that's all there is to it."

"Losing your nerves, old man, eh?" he said with a sarcastic laugh. "Pull her wide open, and let's get out of this," and with a muttered oath he started back to the cars.

"Grasping hold of the lever I tried to start my engine, but my hand seemed paralyzed, and I couldn't make her move.

"Back came the conductor on the run. 'You're a beaut!' he shouted up at me in the cab. 'Why don't you go ahead? We'll get back on the time of No. 27, and then there'll be the jingo to pay.'

"It's no use," I answered back; there's danger just ahead, but I don't know what it is."

"I couldn't see ten feet ahead of me in the pitch darkness and rain, but something told me there was danger, and I wouldn't try again to budge the train.

"To say that the conductor was mad but faintly describes it. In fact he was the maddest individual I ever saw, but I paid no attention to him, and grabbing up a lantern I walked out ahead of the train. I had not gone fifty yards before I found that the bridge was gone, knocked into the river by the high water and rubbish that came rushing down on its crest. I hurried back and told the conductor, and then a crowd of us went together to see the extent of the damage. When the conductor saw the rushing waters and realized how he had urged me on, and the narrow escape the entire train had made, he sat down on a tree by the side of the road that had been blown down by the storm and cried like a child.

"We were tied up there until daylight the next morning, and it was noon before the waters had sufficiently fallen to permit us to throw a temporary bridge over the run. The waters down in that country rise to flood height and subside in a night. It is very seldom I tell this story, and it seems so ridiculous to any one not acquainted with our every day life. No one has been able to explain it to me, and I can't understand it myself. All I know is that I was powerless in the hands of some one, an unseen power, stronger than I was."

"Experiences down in that country are bound to be exciting," spoke up a bright looking man of middle age, whose face denoted great firmness and a more than usual intelligence. "I worked down there for five years, and I must say the scenery is enough to drive one to drink. It might suit a picture painter, but a railroad engineer has no use for it. I was finally driven out of the country through superstition.

"It was in 1885. I had just been promoted to a passenger run on the Tennessee road down in that state. It was a night train crossing the mountain, and had the reputation of never having met with mishap.

"One night as we were passing over the range, with its dismal shadows and abrupt curves, I thought I felt the engine strike something. I had not seen anything, although my head was out of the window at the time, and I was looking directly ahead. Something soft swept over my face, causing a sensation so peculiar that for a moment I could not tell whether its origin was internal or external.

"The next instant I looked around to see if the fireman had noticed anything. He had just opened the firebox door to put in a shovel of coal. I saw him pick up something from the floor of the cab and examine it by the light of the fire.

"'Je—je—rusalem! it's hair!'" shrieked the fireman, with chattering teeth, coming over to me and holding it up before my eyes. 'Woman's hair, too.'

"It made my flesh creep and my hair almost stand up straight. I shut off the engine immediately, and by giving her plenty of air and sand soon brought the train to a standstill. The conductor came forward on the run to inquire the cause of the halt. I called out that I had struck something, and he and the fireman going forward searched the engine and found a big splash of blood on one of the driving wheels. This told the tale.

"Then the crew and several of the passengers went back over the track to see what would be found. Pretty soon I got a signal to back, and after being slowed down and stopped the fireman came up into the cab.

"'Too bad old fellow,' he said. 'It's a woman, and very good looking. It's not much cut up, but most of her fine brown hair has been cut off by a wheel.'

"It proved to be the corpse of a refined woman, and what she could have been doing alone on the railroad track in those desolate mountains was a mystery to me. I never left my engine to see the remains, which were loaded into the baggage car. I was sufficiently worked up without seeing any blood and white faces that night.

My nerves would probably have gone to normal in an hour or two if the fireman had not told me that the index finger of the woman's left hand had been cut off, and that they were unable to find it.

"This was a small thing to worry about when compared with the otherwise crushed and bleeding body, but it seemed to stick to mind with great persistency. When we reached the first telegraph station I wired the agent at the station near where the accident had occurred about the sad affair, and asked him to make a careful search for the missing finger. There was not a thing on the person of the dead woman that would give the slightest clew as to who she was, and, of course, she was buried down in that region without being identified.

"The next night, while passing the spot where the woman had been killed I almost lost my nerves, for I can tell you it makes no difference how reckless an engineer gets none of us like to kill human beings, especially women. Of course it was not a feeling of guilt, but simply of dread. The finger could not be found, and the published account of the terrible accident had just been copied in the papers all over the country, but it seemed that the identity of the ill-fated woman had been lost forever.

"When the old engine, which by the way was numbered 213, got in from her bloody trip she was run into the shop for some repairs and another engine was given me to do the work with. In about a month old 213 came out in first class condition, and I was so pleased with her that I forgot all about the spot of blood on the driving wheel. I had a gentle reminder of it, however, the first trip I made with her over those dark mountains.

"When we struck the curve where that woman had been killed I gave the engine a little more steam. It was down hill at that place, but I always opened the throttle a little in order to get a good start up the next grade, half a mile ahead. This time I gave her a good deal, for I was pleased with the way old '213' was moving. Just as I yanked her open I stuck my head out of the window so as to see the track better. The exhaust seemed to stop. I felt my engine check and die out as if some one had shut off her throttle.

"I pulled my head in quickly to see what had produced that strange action. I believed the fireman had done something to her to tease me, but he sat dozing on his box the very picture of innocence. I pulled open the throttle. We were passing the fatal place. I leaned back against my cushion and fixed my eyes on the reclining figure on the opposite side of the cab.

"The next instant the cab filled with flying hair. I felt the engine check and died as dead as if the air had been turned on. My eyes dropped to the throttle, and instantly my blood seemed to turn to ice. There was a finger touching the throttle. It was the index of the left hand—a woman's hand. Around it was a plain gold band and a ring of blood where it had been separated from the hand.

There was no mistaking that finger; it was there and it simply pressed the life out of the engine. The speed was so diminished that the fireman, perceiving it with a start, jumped down and began giving her coal. He did not discover the true cause of old No. 213's strange action, for just as he opened his eyes the phantom finger disappeared.

"Once was enough for me. As soon as I could get to the office of the superintendent I resigned under the plea that I was worn out and needed rest. Then I came north.

"I afterward learned through a letter from a friend down in that section that one day while a party of curious people were exploring a cave found near the track, some one discovered a half decayed finger in the crevice in the rock. It was the index finger of the left hand, had the gold band around it, and was beyond doubt the missing finger of the unknown corpse buried three months before. The ring was taken off and examined. It bore some initials, which afterwards led to the identification of the woman. She had become slightly demented over the death of her lover and, having money, had hounded the train in Louisiana, and had been carried down into the mountains, where she was killed. She was exhumed and the finger buried with her. Since the finger is buried I don't believe it would touch any one on that road, but the country is unhealthy for me, and I don't believe I shall ever go back there to work. The country has a creepy feeling for me."

It was 11 o'clock when the weird story was concluded, and several of the group made a break for home, the Star reporter, taking advantage of the companionship, did likewise.

Parliament of Canada.

OTTAWA, May 21.—The supplementary estimates for the fiscal year ending on June 30th were brought down late to-night. The total \$1,143,206, made up as follows:

Unprovided items \$70,201.67.
Open accounts, \$55,000.
Chargeable to capital, \$310,000.
Chargeable to consolidated fund, \$708,004.61.

The Maritime items are:
Nova Scotia fisheries, \$4,500.
Assistant Receiver General's office, Charlottetown, amount required to cover payment of the salary of the late T. Foley for March 1893, \$81.

Charlottetown Dominion building to pay committee of Queen square grounds, Charlottetown, for keeping in order the portion of the square used in connection with the said building during 1893 and 1894, \$500.

St. John custom house, to complete payment for works of construction, fittings, furniture and other supplies, \$7,600.

Maritime provinces generally Dominion public buildings, renewals, improvements, repairs, &c., \$3,000.

Nova Scotia—South Ingonish wharf to provide for the amount of a judgment rendered in the exchequer court in the suit of the Queen vs. Murdoch B. McLeod for the expropriation of a property required for wharf purposes together with the costs recovered, \$635.88.

New Brunswick—Hopewell Cape, to pay balance due for lumber required for repairs to ballast wharf, \$317.69.

Buctouche wharf, to complete payments in connection with works of repair, etc., carried out in 1894, \$59 and \$104.38.

In Maritime Provinces—general repairs and improvements to harbor and river works, \$300.

To complete payment for steam communication between Prince Edward Island and the mainland, during the season of 1894 as per terms of contract, \$500.

To pay the Bay of Fundy Steamship company services performed in the month of June, 1893, between St. John, Digby and Annapolis, \$910.

To pay the Furness Line for services between St. John, Halifax and London in January, 1892, \$1,000.

To pay the Yarmouth Steamship company for steam communication between St. John and Halifax via Yarmouth, during the season of 1894, \$7,000.

To pay Roderick McDonald balance on account of steamship service between Port Mulgrave, Arichat and Canso, Guysboro and Port Hood from 1893 to 1895, \$3,000.

The grants for Indians are:
Nova Scotia to provide an additional amount for medical attendance and medicines, \$1000.

To pay Mr. Daniel McNeil for legal services in the case of McLean vs. Livingston, et al, as taxed by the Department of Justice, \$329; to pay Mr. Alexander McDonald for legal services in connection with trespasses on the Malagawatch and Wycocmagh reserves, county of Inverness, N. S., as taxed by the Department of Justice.

In New Brunswick to provide an additional amount for medical attendance and medicines, \$100.

Among the general items are the following:

To cover the expenses of the late Hon. J. S. D. Thompson's funeral (Governor General's warrant) \$25,000.

Amounts required to complete the payments for mail service on the I. C. R. for the year 1894, \$95,192.89.

The militia grants are: Pay and allowances, permanent corps and active militia \$45,000; clothing and necessities \$33,000; transport and freight to pay railway and other claims \$2009; armaments, battlefields of Canada \$4,000; pay and allowances annual drill 1894-95, \$7,000; militia annual drill 1894-95, to provide for drill in camps of instruction for the rural corps, \$220,000; a total of \$311,000.

SATISFACTORY REPLIES.

A Marked Increase in the Sale of New Specific Remedy.

DETROIT, Mich. May 20.—City druggists here report a great number of enquiries with regard to the specific remedy for Bright's disease, diabetes and all forms of kidney complaint, known as Dodd's Kidney Pills. A partial investigation has shown that in every case the reply of the druggists to the questions of their customers have been highly laudatory of the remedy and they have been able to cite many cases from their own personal knowledge where the most signal benefits have been derived from its use. The result has been a very marked increase in the number of sales made and several unusually large orders have been given.

A Canadian Sampson.

Louis Cyr of Canada, aged 32, and weighing 315 pounds, who claims to be the strongest of strong men, gave an exhibition before the members of the Boston press on Saturday afternoon. Judging from this exhibition his claim would appear to be no mere boast. The first exhibition of his prowess was his great and so far unrivaled feat of pulling against a pair of heavy draught horses, hitched to either arm. The horses he pulled to a standstill. And the feat was not only unique, but an astounding one. The witnesses to it were simply amazed, and what was best of all, there was not the slightest bit of "fake" about the feat.

The other part of the exhibition consisted of unique feats of lifting, in which Cyr was assisted by his brother Peter, whose performance was also of a high order.

The feats performed by Louis Cyr commenced with lifting, for exercise, a barrel weighing 350 pounds; this was followed by a lift of a 510 pound dumb-bell.

After a little rest, a barrel filled with water and sand, weighing 315 pounds, was rolled into position, and this was raised with one hand, without the use of the knee or knees to his shoulder.

He then held at arm's length, with his right hand, a 104-pound dumb bell, and with his left hand a 90 pound dumb bell.

If the unique feat of pulling against the horses be excepted, the culminating feat in the exhibition was the raising from the floor, upon a white oak, iron bound platform, a combined weight of 3353 pounds, made up of 13 men, weighing 2114 pounds and dumb bells weighing 1239 pounds.

Between the rests of Louis Cyr, his brother Peter, aged 19 years, and weighing 154 pounds, performed. To exercise his muscle, in beginning, he raised a 110-pound dumb bell with his right hand. This he followed by raising a bar bell weighing 255 pounds. Then he raised above his head with one hand, a 196-pound dumb bell.

An amazing feat was the lifting with one finger of the right hand a total of 5594 pounds. To do this his finger is protected by a leather covering attached to iron hooks. He then raised 16 times, in a kneeling position, a dumb bell weighing 90 pounds, breaking his previous record of 14 times.

The back lift of 2404 pounds, which Peter Cyr considers his crowning feat, could not be done yesterday, owing to the lack of proper accommodation for the frame work and harness used in its performance.

Louis Cyr was born in St. Johns, in the province of Quebec, in 1863. His mother was 6 feet 1 inch tall, and weighed 267 pounds. Louis Cyr is 5 feet 10 1/2 inches tall, weighs 315 pounds. His chest measures 59 1/2 inches, expansion of chest, 7 inches, waist 47 inches, biceps 21 1/2 inches, forearm 19 1/2 inches, thigh 33 inches, calf 29 inches. His physical development is wonderful. He is of round rather than square build, and all muscle. His whole body is as hard as iron. In complexion he is florid, inclined to the blonde type.

Peter Cyr is a smaller man weighing only 154 pounds—somewhat smaller than Sandow, although he claims to be as powerful.

Louis Cyr claims to be the superior of Sandow, whom he has, he says, tried but without success to persuade to meet him in a championship contest.

A Humorous Fact

About Hood's Sarsaparilla—it expels bad humor and creates good humor. A battle for blood is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other bad diseases.

Hood's PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver. 25c.

Rules for Sunshiny Girls.

When she was quite a little girl she wrote them out one New Year's day on a clear white slate, and hung it on her dressing-case where it could always be seen, writes Ruth Ashmore in a very delightful description of "A Sunshiny Girl," in the May Ladies' Home Journal. She had found them in an old book. John Wesley had laid these rules out for his life, and though she felt she might never keep them all, she tried to live up to them as far as possible. And when she made that resolve half the battle was fought. Written out in rather a shaky hand were these rules: "Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can; in all the places you can; at all the times you can; to all the people you can; as long as you can."

The Sensible View of Marriage.

We hear young men say, 'I am too poor to get married,' and girls, 'The man I marry must be rich.' These remarks appear harmless, and they may have a certain business shrewdness behind them; still the larger truth is that the speakers most often do not take an honest view of marriage, no matter how honorable may be their purposes. Money cannot insure happiness, and long experimenting in the countries of Europe has shown that mating for wealth is a sure road to a lax and immoral domestic economy.

It would seem that the sensible view to take of marriage is that it consummates life for the poor and the rich, the vulgar and the refined; that no single life is the perfect life. The future of mankind depends almost wholly upon happy marriages and healthy offspring. And this suggests that there should be no marrying of unsound people. Greater selfishness cannot be imagined than that which brings children into the world doomed to a life of inimitable misery, the hereditament of those who bear their parents' burden of disease.

Shall we say that questions arise in this connection too delicate for discussion with young persons? Is it better to leave the discussion to be raised after it is too late?

The sensible view of marriage is the view that comprehends every consequence. To the young people looking forward to a long and happy wedded life, it is of vital importance that no element of the subject shall be a mystery, that nothing connected with the matrimonial venture shall be left to the hazard of chance.

Parents must understand that their children are to be parents, that there is no escape from the responsibility and that education is incomplete and training inadequate which does not qualify for maternity and paternity. The young man and the young woman who are fitted for marriage are fitted for all that a healthy courageous and happy life demands or imposes.—The Chataguan.

Almost Crazy

SUFFERING FROM CONSTIPATION.

Expected to be in the Asylum—After all other Remedies Failed B.B.B. made a Perfect Cure, Restoring Robust Health.

GENTLEMEN,—To say all I ought to in favour of B.B.B. would be impossible. It has been a great health restorer to me and I do swear by it. I am a different man now to what I was ten years ago when it was expected I would be in the asylum, but now I am in robust health and it was the B.B.B. that did it. I suffered for five or six years from constipation, sometimes so severely that I went out of my mind. I tried various doctors, both in the country and in the city, and took medicines too numerous to name but everything failed to have the desired effect. When I used Burdock Blood Bitters, however, it succeeded beyond all expectations, requiring only two bottles to cure me. To make it still more certain that B.B.B. is the real cure for Constipation, I felt the symptoms returning and took one bottle more, and from that time to this present day (over eight years) I have never had any return of the disease. I never knew any medicine to work so well. It does not seem to be a mere reliever but a sure and certain cure, as I can certify to, for hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine and advice failed to do me any good, but three dollars' worth of B.B.B. made a permanent cure that has given me years of health and comfort. Yours truly, C. L. KILMER. Toronto.

A Dog's Anecdote.

A little boy who was continually asking people to tell him tales, annoyed his mother by his constant use of the word, and she told him always say "anecdote" instead. The next day he came running into the house, and said, "O mamma! I saw a dog running down the road with its anecdote sticking straight out behind it."

Good Results Observed.

Rev. Dr. McLeod, Thornburn, N. S.: "I have in several cases observed the results of your remedy for dyspepsia in my congregation, I have no hesitation in recommending it as a useful remedy."
Prominent men throughout our land witness to the merits of this great remedy—GIBBARD'S because it cures. Free sample K. D. Q. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 187 State Street, Boston, Mass.

"Talking of marriage," said Killady: "It's easy enough to support a girl—if she's not too heavy."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.